

The Weekly Expositor

J. A. MENZIES, Editor and Prop.

YALE,

MICH

Dr. Phillips Brooks, the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Boston whose death was lately announced, after having read Bishop Spalding's recent article against exhibiting obscene pictures and improper amusements, said: "This is a great article, a grand work, that ought to be memorized and preached by every minister throughout the land."

The woman with the broom has again put in her appearance. Wielding that dangerous feminine weapon, Mrs. Frick attacked two robbers armed with pistols and drove them both from her husband's shoe store. Woman's pugnacity with the broom bids fair never to be disputed. If the king of Dahomey had armed his amazons with brooms he might have swept France out of Africa.

The judiciary of Connecticut grows weary of the divorce business. It receives from New York, and one of the judges has just refused to grant a decree where the applicant was forced to admit that she had invaded the Nutmeg state to get one. This will have a tendency to help out the South Dakota dabblers in this industry and produce a boom at the trade centers. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

The number of immigrants arrived in this country last year was 543,487, against 590,666 in 1891, a decrease of 47,179. The decrease during the last half of the year was 75,883, from which it appears that there was an increase during the first half of the year, and that there would probably have been an increase for the whole year but for the measures adopted to defend the country against cholera.

SERIOUSLY this custom of wearing crape in commemoration of our dead is the very ghastliest surviving relic of barbarism. It has filled the world with senseless gloom through countless generations. It is ugly, stupid, depressing and unhealthy. There is nothing to recommend and everything to discredit it, morally, physically and sentimentally. The spectacle of a woman walking along a public street, shrouded from head to foot in gawsome crape is painful and shocking in the last degree. Not only does it sadden others, but it crushes the wearer herself under indescribable woe.

DELAWARE still retains the system of appointing judges who hold their office for life or during good behavior. The chief justice and one of the associate justices of the supreme court of that state have become incapacitated from their duties by age, with attendant physical and mental weakness. The Delaware constitution empowers the legislature to remove by joint resolution judges who from infirmity or other causes are not desirable occupants of the bench. This course has been adopted, at the general request of the state bar, to remove the superannuated jurists who persisted in holding their seats to the total paralysis of the administration of justice.

It is not the bicycle rider or the light buggy that cuts up the roads, makes the deep ruts, and causes the annual expense for necessary repairs, but the heavily loaded teams of the farmer and of the owner of the mills and factories that have located in the country. It is true that the latter would there in many cases because their expenses would be less than in a large city or town, but most of them have benefited the town by furnishing employment, by bringing in an increased population, and by the taxes they have paid. Yet they would be saved much more expense if they had better roads for transporting their goods to and from their establishments, and not many of them would or ought to object to paying their share of the expense of the improvement of the town.

THE knowledge that lies concealed under many a humble hat would, if disseminated, save the world from much misery by enabling mankind to foresee and provide against impending evils. For instance, it is now disclosed that the aviary men last fall noted the preparations the bees were making for a severe winter. The drones were killed earlier than usual. This demonstrated that to the prophetic souls of the bees a period of polar weather was a certainty. Yet the bee-keepers were mum; at any rate, they did not make their invaluable information generally known. If the massacre of the drones at the beginning of autumn had been instantly announced, coal men would have filled their yards with the "fixed sunshine," every cellar would have been crammed with fuel, the windows of every house listed, the fur trade would have flourished—in short, people would not now be shivering and praying for spring.

The wife of a notorious gambler and leading resident of Chicago has written a book characterized by frank and comprehensive personality. This fact is named as the reason that some of Chicago's best people, now abroad, are not expected home in time to see the world's fair.

The Kaiser of Germany may well view with alarm the demonstrated fact that cholera has been attacked a crank as anybody else. It is making the grand tour of German insane asylums.

GOD IS IN ALL THINGS.

EVEN UNTO THE FISH THAT SWARM THE SEAS.

Talmage Preaches on the Ichthyology of the Bible—"And God said, Let the Waters Bring Forth Abundantly That Which Liveth."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 5, 1893.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage this morning preached to a great audience in the Tabernacle, a remarkably interesting and eloquent sermon on "The Ichthyology of the Bible, or God Among the Fishes," being a continuation of his series of discourses on "God Everywhere." The text chosen was Genesis 1:9, "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life."

What a new book the Bible is! After thirty-six years preaching from it and discussing over three thousand different subjects founded on the word of God, the book is as fresh to me as when I learned with a stretch of infantile memory, the shortest verse in the Bible, "Jesus wept," and I opened a few weeks ago a new realm of biblical interest that neither my pulpit nor anyone else's had ever explored, and having spoken to you in this course of sermons on God Everywhere concerning the Astronomy of the Bible or God Among the Stars, the Chronology of the Bible or God Among the Centuries, the Ornithology of the Bible or God Among the Birds, the Mineralogy of the Bible or God Among the Metals, this morning, as I may be divinely helped, I will speak to you about the Ichthyology of the Bible or God Among the Fishes.

Our horses were lathered and tired out, and their fetlocks were red with the blood cut out by the rocks, and I could hardly get my feet out of the stirrups as on Saturday night we dismounted on the beach of Lake Galilee. The rather liberal supply of food with which we had started from Jerusalem was well-nigh exhausted, and the variety of diet remaining had, by oft repetition, three times a day for three weeks, ceased to appease. I never want to see a fig again, and dates with me are all out of date. For several days the Arab caterer, who could speak but half a dozen English words, would answer our requests for some of the styles of food with which we had been delectated the first few days, by crying out, "Finished." The most piquant appetizer is abstinence, and the demand of all the variety was, "Let us breakfast on Sunday morning on fresh fish from Lake Gennesareth," for you must know that that lake has four names, and it is a profusion of nomenclature, and it is in the Bible called Chinnereth, Tiberias, Gennesareth and Galilee. To our extemporized table on Sabbath morning came broiled perch, only a few hours before lifted out of the sacred waters. It was natural that our minds should revert to the only breakfast that Christ ever prepared, and it was on those shores where we breakfasted with Christ had, in those olden times, struck two flints together and set on fire some shavings or light brush-wood, and then put on larger wood, and a pile of glowing bright coals was the consequence. Meanwhile, the disciples, fishing on the lake, had awfully "poor luck," and every time they drew up the net it hung dripping without a fluttering fish or quivering scale. But Christ, from the shore, shouted to them, and told them where to drop the net, and 153 big fish were landed. Simon and Nathaniel having cleansed some of those large fish, brought them to the coals which Christ had kindled, and the group who had been out all night and were chilled and wet and hungry, sat down and began mastication. All that scene came back to us when on Sabbath morning, December, 1889, just outside the ruins of ancient Tiberias and within sound of the rippling Galilee, we breakfasted.

Now, is it not strange that the Bible imagery is so inwrought from the fisheries, when the Holy Land is for the most part, an inland region? Only three lakes, two beside the one already mentioned, namely, the Dead Sea, where fish cannot live at all and as soon as they touch it they die, and the birds swoop on their tiny carcasses, and the third, the Pools of Heshbon, which are alternately full and dry. Only three rivers of the Holy Land, Jabbok, Kishon and Jordan. About all the fish now in the waters of the Holy Land are the perch, the carp, the bream, the minnow, the Hony, the barbel, so-called because of the barb at its mouth), the chub, the dog-fish, none of them worth a Delaware shad or an Adirondack trout. Well, the world's geography has changed and the world's bill of fare has changed. Lake Galilee was larger and deeper and better stocked than now, and no doubt the rivers were deeper and the fisheries were of far more importance than now. Besides that, there was the Mediterranean Sea only thirty-five miles away, and fish were sold or dried and brought inland, and so much of that article of food was sold in Jerusalem that a fish market gave the name to one of the gates of Jerusalem near-by, and it was called the Fish Gate. The cities had great reservoirs, in which fish were kept alive and bred. The Pool of Gibeon was a fish-pool. Isaiah and Solomon refer to fish-pools. Large fish were kept alive and tied fast by ropes to a stake in these reservoirs, a ring having been run through their gills, and that is the meaning of the Scripture passage which says, "Canst thou put a hook into his nose or bore his jaw through with a thorn?" So important was the fish that the god Dagon, worshipped by the Philistines, was made half fish and half man, and that is the meaning of the Lord's indignation, when in 1st Samuel, we read that this Dagon, the fish-god, stood beside the ark of the Lord, and Dagon was by invisible hand dashed to pieces, because the Philistines had dared to make the fish a god. That explains the Scripture passage: "The head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump of Dagon was left to him." Now the stump of Dagon was the fish part. The top part, which was the figure of a man, was dashed to pieces, and the Lord, by demolishing everything but the stump of fish part of the idol, practically said, you may keep your fish, but know from the way I have demolished the rest of the idol that it is nothing divine.

Layard and Wilkinson found the fish an object of idolatry all through Assyria and Egypt. The Nile was full of fish and that explains the horrors of the plague that slaughtered the flimsy triphal up and down that river, which has been and is now the main artery of Egypt's life. In Job you hear the plunge of the spear into the hippopotamus, as the great dramatic poet cries out: "Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons or his head with fish spears?" Yes, the fish began to swim in the very first book of Genesis, where my text records, "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life." Do you realize that the first living thing that God created was the fish? It preceded the bird, the quadruped, the human race. The next thing done after God had kindled for our world the golden chandelier of the sun and the silver chandelier of the moon was to make the fish. The first motion of the principle of life, a principle that all the thousands of years since have not been able to define or analyze, the very first stir of life was in a fish. What an hour that was when the Euphrates, the Gihon, the Pison, and the Hiddekel, the four rivers of Paradise, the waters swirled with fish and brightened with scales. All the attributes of the infinite God were called into action for the making of that first fish. Lanceolate and translucent miracle! There is enough wonder in the plate of a sturgeon or in the cartilage of a shark to confound the scientists. It does not take the universe to prove a God. A fish does it. No wonder that Linnaeus and Cuvier and Agassiz and the greatest minds of all the centuries sat enraptured before the anatomy. Oh, its beauty, and the adaptability of its structure to the element in which it must live; the picture gallery on the sides of the mountain Trout unveiled as they spring up to snatch the flies; the Grayling, called the Flower of Fishes; the Salmon, ascending the Oregon and the Severn, easily leaping the falls that would stop them; the bold Perch, the Gudgeon, silver and black spotted; the Herring, moving in squadrons five miles long; the Carp, for centuries called the Fish of Fishes; the venerable Sturgeons, formerly reserved for the tables of royal families, and the istigmas made out of their membrane; the Tench, called the physician of fishes because when applied to human ailments it is said to be curative; the Lampreys, so tempting to the epicurean that too many of them slew Henry II.; aye, the whole world of fishes. Enough of them floating up and down the rivers to feed the hemispheres if every ear of corn and every head of wheat and every hard of oat, and if every other article of food in all the earth were destroyed. Universal drought, leaving not so much as a spear of grass on the round planet, would leave in the rivers and lakes and seas for the human race a staple commodity of food, which, if brought to shore, would be enough not only to feed but to fatten the entire human race. In times to come the world may be so populated that the harvests and vineyards and land animals may be insufficient before the needs of the family, and the nations may be obliged to seek the rivers and ocean beaches to seek the living harvests that swim the deep, and that would mean more health and vigor and brilliancy and brain than the human race now own.

The Lord, by placing the fish in the first course of the menu in paradise, making it precede bird and beast, indicated to the world the importance of the fish as an article of human food. The reason that men and women lived three and four and five and nine hundred years was because they were kept on parched corn and fish. We mix up a fantastic food that kills the most of us before we are thirty. Costly and whipped syllabubs and Roman punches and chicken salads at mid-night are a gauntlet that few have strength to run. We put on many a tombstone glowing epithets saying that the person beneath died of patriotic services or from exhaustion in religious work when nothing killed the poor fellow but lobster eaten at a party four hours after he ought to have been sound asleep in bed. There are men to-day in our streets so many walking hosiars, who might be called Costars, if they had taken the hint of Genesis in my text and of our Lord's remark and adhered to simplicity of diet. The reason that the country districts have furnished most of the men and women of our time who are doing the mightiest work in merchandise, in mechanics, in law, in medicine, in theology, in legislative and congressional halls, and all the Presidents from Washington down—at least those who have amounted to anything—is because they were in those country districts of necessity kept on plain diet. No man or woman ever amounted to anything who was brought upon floating island or angel cake. The world must turn back to paradise diet if it is to get paradise morals and paradise health. The human race to-day needs more phosphorus, and the fish is charged and surcharged with phosphorus. Phosphorus, that which shines in the dark without burning.

What made the twelve Apostles such stalwarts that they could endure anything and achieve everything? Do not to divine inspiration, I say, because they were nearly all fishermen and lived on fish and a few plain condiments. Paul, though not brought up to towing the net and throw the line, must of necessity have adopted the diet of the population among whom he lived, and you see the phosphorus in his daring plea before Felix, and the phosphorus in his boldest of all utterances before the wisecracks on Mars Hill, and the phosphorus as he went without fright to his beheading, and the phosphorus you see in the lives of all the apostles, who moved right on undaunted to certain martyrdom, whether to be decapitated or flung off precipices or hung in crucifixion. Phosphorus, shining in the dark without burning! No man or woman that ever lived was independent of questions of diet. Let those who by circumstances are compelled to simplicity of diet, thank God for their deliverance from the temptation of killing delicacies. The men and women who are to decide the drift of the twentieth century, which is only seven or eight steps off, are now five miles back from the rail station, and had for breakfast this morning a similar bill of fare to that which Christ provided for the fishermen disciples on the banks of Lake Galilee. Indeed the only articles of food that Christ by miracle multiplied were bread and fish which the boy who acted as waiter to the 7,000 people

of the wilderness, handed over-five journey loaves and two fishes. The boy must have felt badly when called on to give up the two fishes which he had brought out after having caught them himself, sitting with his bare feet over the bank of the lake and expecting to sell his supply at good profit, but he felt better when by the miracle the fish were multiplied and he had more returned to him than he had surrendered. Know, also, in order to understand the ichthyology of the Bible that in the deeper waters, as those of the Mediterranean, there were monsters that are now extinct. The fools who become infidels because they cannot understand the engulfment of the recreant Job in a sea monster, might have saved their souls by studying a little natural history. "Oh," says some one, "that story of Job was only a fable." Say others, "It was interpolated by some writer of later times." Others say: "It was a reproduction of the story of Hercules slaying the Hydra, the four-headed monster." But my reply is that history tells us that there were monsters large enough to whale ships. The extinct ichthyosaurus of other ages was thirty feet long, and as late as the sixteenth century of the Christian era, up and down the Mediterranean there floated monsters compared with which a modern whale was a sardine or a herring. The shark has again and again been found to have swallowed a man entire. A fisherman on the coast of Turkey found a sea-monster with contained a woman and a purse of gold. I have seen in museum sea-monsters large enough to take down a prophet. But I have a better reason for believing the Old Testament account, and that is that Christ said it was true and a type of his own resurrection, and I suppose he ought to know. In Matthew, 12 chapter, 40 verse, Jesus Christ says: "For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." And that settles it for me and for any man who does not believe Christ a dupe and an impostor.

Notice also how the Old Testament writers drew similitude from the fish-eries. Jeremiah uses such imagery to prophesy destruction: "Behold I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish men." Ezekiel uses fish imagery to prophesy prosperity: "It shall come to pass that the fishers shall stand upon it from Engedi even to En-gaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." The explanation of which is that Engedi and En-gaim stood on the banks of the Dead Sea, in the waters of which no fish can live, but the prophet says that the time will come when these waters will be regenerated and they will be good places for fish. Amos reproves idolatry by saying: "The day shall come upon you when he will take you away with hooks and your posterity with fish-hooks." So, too, in Ecclesiastes, declares that those captured of temptation are as fishes taken in an evil net. Indeed, Solomon knew all about the fishy tribe and wrote a treatise on ichthyology which has been lost.

Furthermore, in order that you may understand the ichthyology of the Bible, you must know that there were five ways of fishing. One was by a fence of reeds and canes, within which the fish were caught. But the Hebraic government forbade that on Lake Galilee, lest pleasure boats be wrecked by the stakes driven. Another mode was by spearing; the waters of Galilee were so clear, good aim could be taken for the spear. Another was by hook and line, as where Isaiah says: "The fishers also shall mourn, and they that cast angling into the brooks shall lament." And Job says: "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook? And Habakkuk says: "They take up all of them with the angle." Another mode was by a casting net or that which was flung from the shore. Another by a drag net or that which was thrown from a boat and drawn through the sea as the fishing boats are pulled on. How wonderful all this is wrought into the Bible imagery, and it leads me to ask in which mode are you and I fishing, for the church is the boat and the Gospel is the net and the sea is the world and the fish are the souls, and God addresses us as he did Simon and Andrew, saying: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." But when is the best time to fish for souls? In the night, Peter, why did you say to Christ, "We have toiled all the night and have taken nothing"? Why did you not fish in the day-time? He replied: "You ought to know that the night is the best time for fishing." At Tobiahanna Mills, among the mountains of Pennsylvania, I saw a friend with high boots and fishing tackle, starting out at 9 o'clock at night, and I said, "Where are you going?" He answered: "Going to fish." "What, in the night?" He answered, "Yes, in the night." So the vast majority of souls captured for God are taken in times of revival in the night meetings. They might just as well come at twelve o'clock at noon, but most of them will not. Ask the evangelists of olden times, ask Pinney, ask Nettleton, ask Osborn, ask Daniel Baker, and then ask all the modern evangelists which is the best time to gather souls, and they will answer, "The night; by all odds, the night." Not only the natural night, but the night of trouble. Suppose I go around in this audience and ask these Christians when they were converted to God. One would answer, "It was at the time I lost my child by membranous croup, and it was the night of bereavement," or the answer would be, "It was just after I was swindled out of my property, and it was the night of bankruptcy," or it would be, "It was during that time when I was down with that awful sickness, and it was the night of physical suffering," or it would be, "It was that time when I was slandered and abused, and it was the night of persecution." Ah, my hearers, that is the time for you to go after souls, when a night of trouble is on them. Miss not that opportunity to save a soul, for it is the best of all opportunities. Go up along the Mohawk, or the Juniata or the Delaware, or the Tombigbee, or the St. Lawrence right after a rain, and you will find the fishermen all up and down the banks. Why? Because a good time to angle is right after the rain, and that is a good time to catch souls right after a shower of misfortune, right after floods of disaster. And as a pool

overshadowed with trees is a grand place for making a fine haul of fish, so when the soul is under the long dark shadows of anxiety and distress, it is a good time to make a spiritual haul. People in the bright sunshine of prosperity are not so easily taken. But be sure before you start out to the Gospel Fisheries to get the right kind of bait. "But, how," you say, "am I to get it?" My answer is, "Dig for it." "Where shall I dig for it?" "In the rich Bible grounds." We boys brought up in the country had to dig for bait before we started for the banks of the Karitan. We put the sharp edge of the spade against the ground, and then put our foot on the spade, and with one tremendous plunge of our strength of body and will, we drove it in up to the handle, and then turned over the sod. We had never read Walton's "Complete Angler," or Charles Cotton's "Instructions how to Angle for Grayling in a Clear Stream." We knew nothing about the modern redbackle, or the fly of orange-colored mohair, but we got the right kind of bait. No use trying to angle for fish, or angle for souls unless you have the right kind of bait, and there is plenty of it in the promises, the parables, the miracles, the crucifixion, the heaven of the grand old gospel. Yes, not only must you dig for bait, but use only fresh bait. You cannot do anything down at the pond with old angle worms. New views of truth. New views of God. New views of the soul. There are all the good books to help you dig. But make up your mind as to whether you will take the hint of Habakkuk and Isaiah and Job and use hook and line, or take the hint of Matthew and Luke and Christ and fish with a net. I think many lose their time by wanting to fish with a net and they never get a place to swing the net; in other words they want to do Gospel work on a big scale or they will not do it at all. I see feeble-minded Christian men going around with a Bagster's Bible under their arm, hoping to do the work of an evangelist and use the net, while they might be better content with hook and line and take one soul at a time. They are failures as evangelists; they could be mighty successes as private Christians. If you catch only one soul for God that will be enough to fill your eternity with celebration. All hail, the fisherman with hook and line! I have seen a man in roughest corduroy outfit come back from the woods loaded down with a string of finny treasures hung over his shoulder and his game bag filled, and a dog with his teeth carrying a basket filled with the surplus of an afternoon's angling, and it was all the result of a hook and line, and in the eternal world there will be many a man and many a woman that was never heard of outside of a village Sunday School or a prayer meeting buried in a church basement, who will one before the throne of God with a multitude of souls ransomed through his or her instrumentality and yet the work all done through personal interview one by one, one by one. You do not know who that one soul may be. Stauptitz helped one soul into the light, but it was Martin Luther. Thomas Hilkey brought salvation to one soul, but it was Hugh Latimer. An edge-tool maker was the means of saving one soul, but it was John Sumnerfield. Our blessed Lord healed one blind eye at a time, one paralyzed arm at a time, one dropsical patient at a time, and raised from the dead one girl at a time, one young man at a time. Admire the net that takes in a great many at once, but do not despise the hook and line. God help us amid the Gospel fisheries, whether we employ hook or net, for the day dawn when we shall see how much depended on our fidelity; Christ himself declared, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full, they drew to shore and sat down and gathered the good in the vessels, but cast the bad away; so shall it be at the end of the world; the angels shall come forth and separate the wicked from the just." Yes, the fishermen think it best to keep the useful and the useless of the haul in the same net until it is drawn upon the beach, and then the division takes place, and if it is on Long Island coast, the moss-unkers are thrown and the bluefish and shad preserved, or if it is on the shore of Galilee, the fish classified as siluroids are hurled back into the water or thrown up the bank as useless, while the perch and the carp and the barbel are put in pails to be carried home for use. So in the church on earth, the saints and the hypocrites, the generous and the mean, the chaste and the unclean, are kept in the same membership, but at death the division will be made and the good will be gathered into heaven, and the bad, however many holy communions they may have celebrated, and however many rhetorical prayers they have offered, and however many years their names may have been on the church rolls, will be cast away. God forbid that any of us should be among the "cast away." But may we do our work whether small or great as thoroughly as did that renowned fisherman, George W. Bethune, who spent his summer rest angling in the waters around "The Thousand Isles," and beating at their own craft those who plied it all the year, and who the rest of his time gloriously preached Christ in a pulpit only fifteen minutes from where I now stand, and ordering for his own obsequies: "Put on me my pulpit gown and bands, with my own pocket Bible in my right hand. Bury me with my mother, my father and my grandmother. Sing also my own hymn:

"Jesus thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife;
To reign with thee on high."

He Was Not a Kicker.

"I don't mind your daughter's practicing ten hours a day in the next flat," said the tenant in the apartment house, "even if she does keep the piano cover up and the forte pedal down. But I would like faintly to suggest that 3,600 hours a year of Chopin's second nocturne has made a slight change seem desirable. Would you mind asking her to play the third or fourth nocturne on Tuesdays and Fridays, so that my wife can have a different kind of headache by way of relief?"

Military hammers were first commonly used in the tenth century.

overshadowed with trees is a grand place for making a fine haul of fish, so when the soul is under the long dark shadows of anxiety and distress, it is a good time to make a spiritual haul. People in the bright sunshine of prosperity are not so easily taken.

But be sure before you start out to the Gospel Fisheries to get the right kind of bait. "But, how," you say, "am I to get it?" My answer is, "Dig for it." "Where shall I dig for it?" "In the rich Bible grounds." We boys brought up in the country had to dig for bait before we started for the banks of the Karitan. We put the sharp edge of the spade against the ground, and then put our foot on the spade, and with one tremendous plunge of our strength of body and will, we drove it in up to the handle, and then turned over the sod. We had never read Walton's "Complete Angler," or Charles Cotton's "Instructions how to Angle for Grayling in a Clear Stream." We knew nothing about the modern redbackle, or the fly of orange-colored mohair, but we got the right kind of bait. No use trying to angle for fish, or angle for souls unless you have the right kind of bait, and there is plenty of it in the promises, the parables, the miracles, the crucifixion, the heaven of the grand old gospel. Yes, not only must you dig for bait, but use only fresh bait. You cannot do anything down at the pond with old angle worms. New views of truth. New views of God. New views of the soul. There are all the good books to help you dig. But make up your mind as to whether you will take the hint of Habakkuk and Isaiah and Job and use hook and line, or take the hint of Matthew and Luke and Christ and fish with a net. I think many lose their time by wanting to fish with a net and they never get a place to swing the net; in other words they want to do Gospel work on a big scale or they will not do it at all. I see feeble-minded Christian men going around with a Bagster's Bible under their arm, hoping to do the work of an evangelist and use the net, while they might be better content with hook and line and take one soul at a time. They are failures as evangelists; they could be mighty successes as private Christians. If you catch only one soul for God that will be enough to fill your eternity with celebration. All hail, the fisherman with hook and line! I have seen a man in roughest corduroy outfit come back from the woods loaded down with a string of finny treasures hung over his shoulder and his game bag filled, and a dog with his teeth carrying a basket filled with the surplus of an afternoon's angling, and it was all the result of a hook and line, and in the eternal world there will be many a man and many a woman that was never heard of outside of a village Sunday School or a prayer meeting buried in a church basement, who will one before the throne of God with a multitude of souls ransomed through his or her instrumentality and yet the work all done through personal interview one by one, one by one. You do not know who that one soul may be. Stauptitz helped one soul into the light, but it was Martin Luther. Thomas Hilkey brought salvation to one soul, but it was Hugh Latimer. An edge-tool maker was the means of saving one soul, but it was John Sumnerfield. Our blessed Lord healed one blind eye at a time, one paralyzed arm at a time, one dropsical patient at a time, and raised from the dead one girl at a time, one young man at a time. Admire the net that takes in a great many at once, but do not despise the hook and line. God help us amid the Gospel fisheries, whether we employ hook or net, for the day dawn when we shall see how much depended on our fidelity; Christ himself declared, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full, they drew to shore and sat down and gathered the good in the vessels, but cast the bad away; so shall it be at the end of the world; the angels shall come forth and separate the wicked from the just." Yes, the fishermen think it best to keep the useful and the useless of the haul in the same net until it is drawn upon the beach, and then the division takes place, and if it is on Long Island coast, the moss-unkers are thrown and the bluefish and shad preserved, or if it is on the shore of Galilee, the fish classified as siluroids are hurled back into the water or thrown up the bank as useless, while the perch and the carp and the barbel are put in pails to be carried home for use. So in the church on earth, the saints and the hypocrites, the generous and the mean, the chaste and the unclean, are kept in the same membership, but at death the division will be made and the good will be gathered into heaven, and the bad, however many holy communions they may have celebrated, and however many rhetorical prayers they have offered, and however many years their names may have been on the church rolls, will be cast away. God forbid that any of us should be among the "cast away." But may we do our work whether small or great as thoroughly as did that renowned fisherman, George W. Bethune, who spent his summer rest angling in the waters around "The Thousand Isles," and beating at their own craft those who plied it all the year, and who the rest of his time gloriously preached Christ in a pulpit only fifteen minutes from where I now stand, and ordering for his own obsequies: "Put on me my pulpit gown and bands, with my own pocket Bible in my right hand. Bury me with my mother, my father and my grandmother. Sing also my own hymn:

"Jesus thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife;
To reign with thee on high."

He Was Not a Kicker.

"I don't mind your daughter's practicing ten hours a day in the next flat," said the tenant in the apartment house, "even if she does keep the piano cover up and the forte pedal down. But I would like faintly to suggest that 3,600 hours a year of Chopin's second nocturne has made a slight change seem desirable. Would you mind asking her to play the third or fourth nocturne on Tuesdays and Fridays, so that my wife can have a different kind of headache by way of relief?"

Military hammers were first commonly used in the tenth century.

A GIRL GAME-SHOOTER.

A DAUGHTER OF CALIFORNIA BEATS THE RECORD.

This Gentle Maiden Kills Nearly One Thousand Birds With Her Rifle In One Season—Mollie is Death on Geese.

Miss Mollie Morgan is probably as pretty a girl as ever blossomed on the Colusa plains, and is decidedly more distinguished as a rifle shot than any of her sex in California. She can tell stories of her work in shooting geese that would make the most credulous doubtful unless he heard the adventures from her own lips.

"Do you want to meet the greatest girl shooter in the world?" asked Michael Francis Donleavy, of a San Francisco Call man.

The desire of meeting such a noted personage was readily admitted, and in a few moments she was found in the hotel at the corner of Fifth and Mission street.

She was in the parlor standing before a window and gazing out upon the dismal prospect as the rain fell in torrents. While approaching her it was noted that she had her arms up as if she were in the attitude of firing at something with a gun.

When addressed Miss Mollie turned suddenly round, and on being introduced she blushed deeply and laughed, saying:

"You have caught me in the act."

"And what a t is that?"

"Oh, of shooting geese. This is the time of the year we shoot geese up in Colusa, and I should be there to help."

"Do you shoot geese?"

"Certainly. I have been a shotgun and rifle-shot since I was twelve years of age."

"And you are now—ah, beg pardon," and her interviewer was thinking of blushing when she stopped the rush of blood to his cheeks by replying:

"Seventeen. That's all right. It's no transgression with me to inquire my age. You are a reporter and want to know something about herding geese in Colusa, your friend says." She rattled away in the most composed manner.

"Well," she resumed thoughtfully, "it's lots of fun for me, at least, but I've never met a real live reporter before. I suppose, though they're no worse than millions of other geese I've met. But then I had a gun."

Her father came in at this juncture and hearing the last remark, laughed. Several other people also laughed.

Fearing that she might get a gun, Miss Mollie was quickly asked:

"Did you say millions?"

"Exactly," was the answer. "Don't be alarmed at that. I'm inside the limit because I have it down to a mathematical certainty. I have seen over 5,000 acres covered with them, and estimating 1,000 birds to the acre, there would be 5,000,000, and I am putting it low, because I do not want to be accused of exaggerating."

"You don't," was the only response that her questioner could summon up, as her large black eyes sparkled with merriment at the amazement she had produced.

"That's right," chimed in the proud father. "Now, Mollie, tell him what you did last year."

"Yes, sir, but it may not be believed. You see I now shoot a rifle altogether—a Winchester. Formerly I used a shotgun, but soon learned by experience that I could not get within range. The object of course was simply to keep the geese off the growing grain."

"My father hired four men to do this, paying them \$35 for their services. They used old army muskets loaded with shot. It was seldom that any of them ever killed a goose. All they wanted to do was to frighten them. When the bounty was offered by the county for the head of each goose, I adopted the Winchester. Father paid me \$20 a month, and I sold my heads to the county at the rate of two cents per head."

"Last year was my largest record. The season began in November and, as usual, lasted three and a half months or thereabouts. During that time I herded every day and I killed 9,855 geese. I wanted to make even \$200 in bounty money but could not quite reach that sum. This year I expected to do better, but now I have lost three days because I had to come down here and help father do some business."

With this last remark Miss Mollie or Mary Elizabeth Morgan as she writes it on the back of her photographs heaved a sigh. "But I will be up there to-morrow."

"That is a large-sized story, Miss Mollie," was suggested. "It would be awful to ask you how many you ever killed at one shot."

"I really could not tell," was the reply. "I have crept up through a swale or waterway onto acres of geese and emptied my entire sixteen shots into the flock before they got out of range."

"And you picked up—"

"Just sixty-seven. You know sometimes one shot went through half a dozen of them. That is the largest work I ever did without reloading. When there is a small flock I do some fancy shooting by taking their heads off. I can do that forty-nine times out of fifty at the range of 100 yards."

"If you don't believe it come up there this winter and we'll show you. Get off at Maxwell and it's only seven miles. We'll treat you well."

Must discriminate.

Editor.—I am very sorry we cannot use your poem. It lacks obscurity.

Poet.—Lacks obscurity!

Editor.—Exactly. Advertising poets make a specialty of lucidity and directness and for that reason we can not encourage those qualities. Our magazine poetry must have something to distinguish it.